

anxious to secure the co-operation of her mother in a great deal of mercy her busy mind was contriving.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "do you know, I believe Mr. Hatway is hungry, and I want you to let me take him some supper. He says he is not sick and he has been crying, I know he has, so he must be hungry, mamma, don't you think?"

"Well, he might be," said good Mrs. O'Connor, smiling, "but I don't think at this time of day he would be crying about a thing like that. Perhaps the doctor has told him something about his sister's sickness that frets him. We will fix him up a plate of toast and a little pot of tea and you can take it up to him, one thing at a time, dear. Tell him to cheer up and eat all he can—things are not always as bad as they seem. He will find this nice fresh cup of tea all right, anyhow."

So in a very little while after the good fairy Katie had her simple but inviting repast spread out on the little table beside the grieving young man. To satisfy the child, and then with awakened appetite when he had tasted the food, he ate and drank with relish.

"Now, I hope you will feel better, Mr. Hatway," said the little attendant, as she removed the tea things. "I am going to ask Sister Agnes to put Miss Margaret in the prayers to-morrow, and I will have her put you in, too, if you want me to."

"In the prayers!" repeated the young man. "What does that mean, dear? I am afraid I don't quite understand."

"Why, you see," said Katie pausing in her tidying performance, "at school, when we know any one is sick or somebody tells Sister Agnes about trouble they are having, she puts them in the prayers; then we all say one Hail Mary for them—the whole school together—and, of course, they get well or have something good happen instead of something awful, the way they had been expecting."

"Why, that is very nice," said Lester Hathaway, a wintry smile momentarily lighting his wan, sad countenance. "Do, by all means, put Margaret and me in your prayers, then, for we do want to have Maggie get well and lots of good things happen."

"You are sure to get what you want if you say the prayers yourself, too, Sister says," said Katie, pausing again, arrested by a new thought. "Mamma told me once you were not a Catholic and that you do not say prayers like ours, but if I give you my catechism you might learn the Hail Mary and say it with us, Mr. Hatway. It is real short, and then you'll be sure to get what you want."

"Certainly, dear," said the young man. "By all means, bring me your book with the prayer, and I will learn it and say it earnestly, too, you may be sure, if it will bring about half the good you promise and your kind little heart would bestow anyhow."

So Katie O'Connor brought her well-thumbed catechism that evening and spread it on the bed in the invalid chair, pointing out the Hail Mary as the subject of study and repetition to the young man, so seriously stricken in body and heart, and to whom the incident afforded something like a passing diversion of mind, if no greater benefit.

That night the despondent youth had a confidential conference with the janitress, when this true neighbor came up to see what she could do for him as his fever-racked sister before she retired to rest. The result of the interview was a proposal on Mrs. O'Connor's part to meet and acquaint the doctor with the financial straits of the two invalids, and thus let the physician know what the proposal to send the sick girl to the hospital meant under the circumstances.

When the doctor arrived and heard the recital, of course this put a very different aspect on the case. He cheerily told Mrs. O'Connor and the anxious brother that he expected to be able to find good accommodation and care for the girl nevertheless by securing for her one of the free beds—those endowed refuges for the sore-smitten, which nearly every hospital possesses. The obtaining of this berth, however, would necessitate some delay, as it would take time to find one not then occupied. Then, they assured the young man, he would be looked to and provided for somehow. So Margaret was left with her brother for another day—the brother, who could not as much as transport himself unaided to her bedside in the little apartment close by.

All that day the young man sat alone, listening to the muttering and moaning of the sister he so dearly loved and upon whom he was so entirely dependent. Mrs. O'Connor, good soul, came in from time to time as her multitudinous duties would permit, ministering to Margaret's few needs and bringing food to the young man, whose requirements in this line were very light indeed, so prostrated was he with apprehension of the cloud-enveloped future just before him, as well as the great present embarrassment and sorrow. He was of the keenly sensitive nature, who while fully appreciating the kindly ministrations of the hand of charity, nevertheless shrink from the touch as from an ill-meant blow.

From time to time he mechanically took up little Katie's catechism, frayed and dog-eared, and read a few questions and answers here and there. As he did this he was surprised to find himself by and by becoming interested to the extent of caring to peruse whole chapters, saying to himself finally, "I declare, if I were in a better frame of mind I would want to know something more about this little book and those doctrines it treats of."

As he had promised his little benefactress, he gave due attention to the prayer she pointed out to him. He read it over several times, and then repeated it with such significance and devotion as he was able to muster in his depressed and despairing state: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now—now—Oh, yes, now—in this hour of our great, our

terrible need. I have prayed little, very little, during all my life; and believed not at all in the power of your intercession. If the teaching of this little book be true, I am indeed, then a sinner—a sinner such as this prayer invokes you to have pity upon. Oh, Holy Mary, Mother, we are motherless, friendless, alone, my poor sister and I. We are now both stricken with disease, and grim death meets us at every turn. Oh, hear the prayers these children may say for us to-day, and to which I add the appeal of a poor, entreating sinner."

The next morning when the doctor came a young man, his nephew, accompanied him. The young man had met his uncle going the rounds of his patients, and as he happened to be proceeding in the same direction the doctor was then taking, and beyond the present stop, he accepted the invitation to ride and also the suggestion to come up and talk with the crippled youth while the doctor attended to the sick sister.

The visitor tried to engage the languid invalid in a sort of desultory conversation, but without much success. As he talked young Mr. Lawton idly fingered a large flat book lying at hand on the table close to which he was seated. Presently he inadvertently raised the cover, and, being attracted by the contents in the glimpse he got within, he asked permission to look over the book. As he did this his interest seemed to grow, and in a few moments he inquired with a tone expressive of eagerness:

"Whose work is this, Mr. Hathaway? Can it be possible that your sister has made these drawings?"

"My sister, no," answered the invalid addressed, in a voice of languid indifference. "I had a few drawing lessons when I went to school, and since then—since I met with the accident which laid me up I have pursued sketching at odd times as a sort of pastime."

"You made those sketches? Indeed! Well, well, that may be quite fortunate for you, Mr. Hathaway," said the other, almost excitedly. "Say, what would you take for them, for some of them I mean, just now? Here are—let me see—three, four, five—five I am sure I could place for you directly. What would be your price for this lot?" and the visitor drew his chair nearer the invalid, specifying the sketches he desired.

Surprised and a little bewildered, Lester Hathaway answered:

"Why, I didn't know that those things had any value. Really, I would be willing to take most anything I could get for them."

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Mr. Lawton. "I will take these with me over to our office if you will permit me, and I will send back word what they will give for them; then if you accept, you will have your check for the bunch this afternoon. You see, I am on the staff of one of the big daily papers; we use just such material as this for illustrations every day. These three cartoons illustrating current topics are directly in order, and these other two fine pieces will come in for a good place, too. If you wish to keep at this work, moreover, you can keep your eye on the news. You have fine talent, Mr. Hathaway; rare talent, indeed, with other perceptive powers to make you of course, Lester Hathaway 'I would permit' the young journalist to carry off his drawings, with the request that if they were worth anything," the kind agent should fix the price and close the deal. One can be sure to imagine that describe the reactionary state of mind into which the "poor helpless one" was thrown within a couple of hours afterwards when a special messenger brought him a letter containing a check for \$100, and an order to go ahead on certain specified subjects, with agreement to pay him liberally for one sketch daily, or according as he could keep up the supply.

That evening, when Margaret had been taken to the best quarters in the best hospital of the city, where every care was to be lavished upon her, little Katie O'Connor bustled about the invalid chair of the brother, almost delirious with joy and pride that it was at his hands and through his efforts the patient was to receive all this and much more. Katie had spread the little table with a dainty repast, which at the time the young man had no disposition to refuse.

"And just to think that putting you in the prayers did it all, Mr. Hatway! Wasn't it jolly good that? I thought of it, though? I'll take my catechism with me, now, if you please. Sister excused me for forgetting it this morning when I told her about you; but she expects me to bring it to-morrow, and I might forget again if I didn't take it with me now."

"No, Katie, dear," said the young man, pointing to the dilapidated little compendium of Christian instruction and smoothing out its curled leaves with a smile, half serious, half amused. "I want you to give me this little book for keeps and to buy yourself a new one. Get a nice dog-eared one with spare expense on it, dear, and keep the change," handing her a crisp bill with the figure five on the corner.

Katie's eyes grew round with astonishment. "Why, Mr. Hatway," she said, "catechisms never have gold edges, and flowers on the back of them; they're all just like that one, only they are nice and flat and have a clean paper back on when they are new."

"Well, get the nicest there is, anyhow, Katie, and tell your mamma to get hair ribbons or something else you would like with the change. We are going to be rich, you see now, dear—that is, we are going to have all the money we need, and just through those prayers. Yes,—more to himself than to the child—"it didn't just happen by chance; there is no such thing as that. Those little children pray for me and I joined them in my poor way, then heaven's messenger came with relief. Oh, such relief! I can scarce believe it. But have I not the proof that it is true right here? Yes, it is true—it is true! God helping me, I will try henceforth to be prayerful and learn His ways, as I was in the past

neglectful."

Looking in upon our friends a few years later, we find the little apostle of the faith, Katie O'Connor, a bit taller, but not changed otherwise, except that she can pronounce long words more easily and her baby lip is gone. Miss Katie is just now absorbed in very heroic efforts not to "break the retreat," as she put it, when trying to withhold ecstatic comments over the beautiful First Communion outfit she is to wear the coming Sunday which is to be the great day of her life.

The beautiful white robes over which the intended wearer is so enraptured, which are of the finest texture and daintiest make, though becomingly simple, are the gift of Mrs. Margaret Lawton—the Mar-aret we knew before as Margaret Hathaway. Mr. Lawton, the journalist, becoming the intimate friend of her brother, grew more than friendly toward her when she came upon the scene in restored health. So she is now the happiest of young matrons, presiding over a beautiful home and the centre of a wide circle of cultured friends. But in this prosperity the old-time friends are not forgotten. So Mr. O'Connor now holds what he calls "a splendid situation" in the mechanical department of the big newspaper over which Margaret's husband practically rules as chief. Mrs. O'Connor is no longer obliged to work beyond the home duties to help out the householding, and the lovely floral crown which is to rest on the head of the little First Communicant is "mamma's gift."

But the part of her outfit in which Katie delights more particularly and prizes most of all is an exquisite ivory bound prayer book, with glistening silver ornaments, and a rosary of silver and pearl, these coming from an Eastern seminary, with an affectionate letter signed, "Your very grateful friend, Lester Hathaway."

Money, as is well known, is almost a miracle worker at times. Able to supply the means to pay for it, the cripple of years ago, receiving the most successful medical attention, gradually shook off his disabling affliction and was able to walk about once more with freedom, when strength and robust health soon followed. Keeping pace with physical recuperation, his artistic powers developed, and name and fame became his also as time went on.

It was therefore a matter of intense surprise to very many besides those who knew him personally that the artist should all at once put away his honors and retire to a quiet life, and make himself a recluse to prepare to assume the obligations of the Catholic priesthood. But Lester Hathaway learned many wise lessons from little Katie's catechism and other books of instruction he read subsequently, which finally brought himself and his sister into the Church, toward which Margaret is leading her husband gently but intelligently, and with all promise of success.

And the petition to the Virgin Mother, oft-times on the lips of the now aspiring Levite, since he made it his first catechism study, have brought richer fruit still—fruit the seed of which, let us hope, will one day bear abundant harvest. Lester Hathaway is a model of the uniformly model associates in the school of preparation for the high and holy office he is to assume by and by. Preceptors prophesy and friends pray that his ministry will be as a bright beacon light of the Church and bring to safe harbor many wandering souls.—Joseph F. Wynne in the New World.

CHRISTIAN ART.

Next to the reality is the copy, next to the grand creations of God are, in respectful distance and degree, the creations of men, and these attain their highest standards in Christian art. The architect, the sculptor, the painter, have reached their highest point of excellence in the great cathedrals of the world. Their conceptions were the loftiest, their productions were the finest ever given to an admiring posterity, and their fame rests enduring upon them. These great temples to the living God, with St. Peter's standing at their head, are the creations of mighty souls endowed by the gifts and grace of God Himself to give edifices worthy of His indwelling. The great Michael Angelo and the great Raphael are worthy leaders of a countless throng of artists, among the first of whom we find a Murillo, a Correggio, a Rabens, a Van Dyke, and here and there throughout Europe, while good copies of their works by lesser lights are to be found in all parts of the world.

In every kind of noble architecture exteriorly, and every kind of adornment interiorly, the Catholic churches excel where the means adequate to the devout and generous people. Thus in many of the humblest villages temples that are treasures of beauty and adornment, and which great cities of our own country would be justly proud to possess. They were built and adorned by artists who labored more out of love than for gain, so that in these days of materialism and money-seeking it is only possible to reproduce them in large and rich communities.

Here in America it is only in the largest and most flourishing cities that we can find something of the master artists of antiquity in an occasional magnificent cathedral copied after their creations, or some few originals of their paintings in the large art galleries, but thanks to the enterprise and art of a far less degree we have copies of their productions in the mould, on the canvas, in the etching and even in the lithograph or the printed sheet, ranging from the highest to the lowest price, which thus enables all of refined taste and noble aspirations, be they rich or poor, to be the possessors of fine similes of more or less merit of Art's greatest productions found, as they are, in Christian art. It is an infidel taste alone that can exclude such pictures and statues from the home, although prejudice on the part of some and human respect on the part of others, cause them to be wanting in many Christian homes. Though silent, art speaks to us. The great cathedral tells us of the holy of holies within the tabernacle, and its spacious portals invite the world to come in and adore Him. Its grand altars suggest the greatness of the all-world-wide and all-welcome sacrifice. The carved cross and the grand paintings surrounding them tell of the passion and death of the world's Redeemer and the mysteries of our holy faith. The statues and portraits of His Blessed Mother tell the incidents of her life and bespeak her powerful patronage. The storied windows of the saints recall virtue's highest exemplifications, as shown in the lives of confessor, virgin and martyr, whilst, crowning all, are the heaven-reaching spires carrying up the incense of prayer and bringing down God's choicest blessings and graces on the pious faithful.

All this, as shown in the originals, is inspiring and elevating and the copies reflect and suggest the same sentiments. The dome of St. Peter's, in its length and breadth, tells us of the faith encircling the whole earth, whilst its height shows it rising to heaven itself. The three thousand statues of saints crowning the roof of Milan's great Gothic cathedral tell of the height of sanctity which have been reached by mortals of every age, class and condition, and urge all to emulate their own respective spheres. The very perfection of the smallest details in the works of Christian art, be they in the great whole or smallest component part, teaches us the lesson that perfection is the union of many smaller virtues interwoven in a life that stands out a whole and which we sum up as one and all character.

As we are influenced by the books and papers that we read, second only to the effect made in conversation with those with whom we associate, so too, are we influenced by the paintings and figures which hang on our walls or stand upon our mantles in our homes and places of abode. If these subjects be noble and refining, we will be moved to be the same. If they tell of things holy and heavenly our thoughts and acts will tend that same way. We reveal our interior by what we have about us in our exterior surroundings. A Christian should have something Christian in his home on which to gaze. Every Catholic should have something telling of his faith, his hopes of salvation through grace gained by the intercession of Mary, His Mother. There are, too, the saints, particularly one's patron saint, that cannot but influence our lives. Some such should be seen in every Catholic home.

As in all things religious where Christian art has place, everything else will take on a kindred character. Literature will be pure and wholesome, conversation will be charitable and edifying, pleasures will be innocent and enjoyable. The whole tone of the home will be noble and refining, for the Christian art tells of Christ and heaven and all things eternal, and is God the Father's way of working through men—His artists—to help bring mankind in general one day to Himself in heaven.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

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An international conference to deal with the plague opened last week at the Foreign Office in London.

Plant into thy heart Jesus Crucified, and all crosses and thorns will seem as roses.—St. Francis De Sales.

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is the cause, and that the parasite is injected by the bite of a fly akin to the tsetse fly, so fatal to cattle."

It has been established that the fly haunts regions rich in water and foliage. If the disease should penetrate into the white settlements its progress would be unprecedently rapid, for every district is linked up with another and not one would escape infection to a greater or less degree. It might even, if the worst happened, prove fatal to European colonization in Africa, for no epidemic so destructive is known. In the infected areas of U. and 200,000 have died. Uganda, it is true, is the most stricken of all, but the two other chief centres—the Congo and the Gulf of Guinea—are hardly less unfortunate, and everywhere the disease is mortal in every case.

An international conference to deal with the plague opened last week at the Foreign Office in London.

Plant into thy heart Jesus Crucified, and all crosses and thorns will seem as roses.—St. Francis De Sales.

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